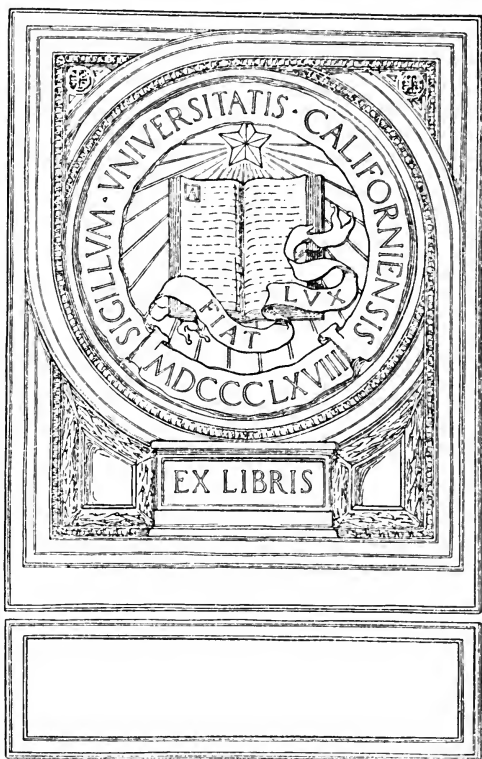


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In Camp and Trench

Songs of the Fighting Forces

by

Berton Braley

Author of "A Banjo at Armageddon," etc.

New York

George H. Doran Company

NO. VIII
ANNEX I

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3814
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TO
CHARLES AGNEW MACLEAN
Editor of the Popular Magazine

at whose suggestion and with
whose encouragement most
of these verses were written



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IN CAMP AND TRENCH

OVER THE TOP

IN the little pause when the drum fire stops before
the whistles blow,
When a fellow's heart to his boot heels drops and the
seconds tick off slow,
When he says "Good-bye, and if I 'go west' just tell
the folks for me——"
And then chokes up in his throat and chest or cusses a
bit, maybe,
It gives him courage and strength and pluck, when the
others wish him well
With "Over the top with the best of luck and give the
Bosches hell!"

When our boys shall get in a first line trench of the big
show over there
And breathe the smoke and the battle stench as the
shrapnel bursts in air,
It'll help each man as he waits and waits to charge
through No Man's Land,
If he's sure that back in the Good Old States we know
and we understand.
His heart will thrill with a truer pluck if he knows we
wish him well,
With "Over the top with the best of luck and give the
Bosches hell!"

NAMES

CALL him Sammy or call him Jack,
Call him Johnny or Ted or Mac,
Give him any old kind of name,
It doesn't matter, he'll fight the same.

The name you give him won't help or harm
His brave young heart or his fighting arm;
Whatever the label that's his to wear,
When he hits Berlin he will write it there.

So call him whatever your fancy's struck,
If you only love him and wish him luck
It matters not what the term may be,
Its proper spelling is Victory!

So call him Jerry or call him Jim,
It's all quite one and the same to him,
For the dream that's stirring his hot young blood
Is changing the Kaiser's name to "Mud"!

MEN OF THE GUARD

"B" DIVISION

WHEN we heard our country calling us we volunteered for service;

It was just our simple duty, or it looked that way to us,

Though the thought of facing shell fire made us feel a trifle nervous,

And we weren't exactly anxious to be mixing in the fuss.

Now in companies, battalions and in regiments we're drilling,

We are lettered and we're numbered for our job across the foam,

But the men of "B" division weren't so ready or so willing,

While we hold the muddy trenches they'll be quartered safe at home!

Oh! the men of "B" division made a safe and sane decision,

They are meek and peaceful parties and they hate to pack a gun;

They'll avoid the great collision and we call 'em "B" division

'Cause they'll "B" here while we're fighting

And they'll "B" here when we're done!

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

"B" DIVISION (continued)

They're the calm, intrepid members of the tribe of "We
should worry!"

"Let George do it!" is their motto, and they follow it,
all right;

They're the ones who ducked conscription—though it
put them in a flurry—

And they'll try to cop our sweethearts while we go
to France and fight.

But I'd rather be a soldier who is daring blood and
slaughter

Than to have a heart of putty and to stick at home
and know

That while other men were playing in the game across
the water

I belonged to "B" division, with the guys who
wouldn't go!

They have made their own decision and they're
stuck in "B" division,

While we do our bit of service for the old red,
white and blue,

But we view 'em with derision and we call 'em "B"
division

'Cause they'll "B" here while we're fighting
And they'll "B" here when we're through!

CHOW

YOU may mutter and swear at the Reveille call
With its "Can't get 'em up in the morning,"
And you may not be fond of assembly at all,
But you drop into line at the warning;
Police call will cause you a lot of distress,
Though you answer at once or regret it,
But you jump when the splinter-lips bugle for mess
And the hash-slinger yells, "Come and get it!"

For you know that it means
"Form in line for your beans
With your mess-kit in hand—do it now!"
And you cheerfully come
For your coffee and slum
When the splinter-lips bugle for chow!

When you trudge in at night from a twenty-mile hike
With your throat and your uniform dusty,
You learn what a genuine appetite's like—
The kind that the writers call "lusty,"
And a feed at the swellest of city hotels,
With a half-dozen waiters to set it,
Wouldn't touch what the hash-slinger serves as he
yells:
"Hi, doughboys, it's up! Come and get it!"

CHOW (continued)

For it's filling and hot
And it hits the right spot
And it smoothes out the lines in your brow,
So we line up with speed
When the time comes for feed
And the splinter-lips bugle for chow.

It is bully to find there's a letter for you
Or a box of tobacco and candy,
And permission for leave is too good to be true,
And a book or a paper comes handy;
But the moment in camp that is dearest to me
(And with pleasure I always have met it)
Is the time when the hash-slinger bellows out free;
"Hi, doughboys, it's up! Come and get it!"

Oh! we kick and we howl
And we mumble and growl
At the stuff that we eat, but somehow
We gather in style
With a standing broad smile
When the splinter-lips bugle for chow.

HIKING

(Heavy Marching Order)

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR." Some-hike! Some-hike!

Hot-sun. Thick-dust. Hard-work? Sure-Mike.

Forty-five-pound-pack-now-weighs-one-ton.

"One-two-three-four"-I-swear-this-gun

Isn't-any-small-arm. Take-it-from-me,

It-was-made-for-field-ar-tiller-ree!

It-should-have-wheels, six-wheels-or-more—

Gosh-my-throat's-dry. "One-two-three-four!"

Route step is easier, breaks the monotony,

Brings back your spirits a bit, if you've got any;

Don't have to count every step that you take,

Don't have to watch every move that you make.

Some other squad starts to kidding and joking you,

Then you kid back, though the dust cloud is choking
you;

Maybe a bunch starts a popular song

That helps a heap when you're hiking along.

And then when you stop for a rest

Where the grass looks so soft and so green

And you loosen the pack from your weary old back

And you swig from your army canteen,

HIKING (continued)

You heave a deep sigh from your chest

And you say to yourself as you sprawl:

"Well, I thought I was gone—that I couldn't keep on;

But I guess I'll get through, after all!"

Then it's "Fall in—march!" and we're off again,

A bunch of dusty and tired men,

Whose shoulders sag from their bandoliers

As they tramp along for a hundred years;

Or it seems a hundred until you get

So you march like soldiers, and we don't—yet.

Our feet are sore and we'd like to quit,

But each guy summons his nerve and grit

And sticks, somehow, till we hit our camp

With the corporals counting the steps we tramp.

"One-two-three-four." Darn-all-this-work.

I-wish-I-knew-how-I-could-shirk

Long-hikes-like-this. I'm-all-in-now;

When-I-get-back—oh-you-mess-chow!

Seems-like-I-can't-take-one-step-more;

"One-two-three-four. One-two-three-four."

DRILL

GOSH, but I'm tired of drill!
Clumping all over the lot,
("Right shoulder—humph! Left shoulder—humph!")
Dusty and sweaty and hot.
Tramping the clods in platoons and in squads,
Dressing by inches and charging by rods;
Harking to shavetails who bark their commands;
Turning and wheeling, or standing dead still,
Keeping just so with my feet and my hands—
Gosh, but I'm tired of drill!

I've got an ache in my back,
I've got a pain in my neck;
("Right shoulder—humph! Left shoulder—humph!")
Gee, but I feel like a wreck!
Ache in each arch of my feet as we march,
(Feel like a dress shirt without any starch).
Doing the manual hours at a time,
Learning to work with "mechanical skill,"
Sergeant says: "Rotten! You guys are a crime!
Do it all over."
(We do it all over.)
Gosh, but I'm tired of drill!

Day after day after day.
Plenty, I say, is enough.

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

DRILL (continued)

("Right shoulder—humph! Left shoulder—humph!")

Who the hell started this stuff?

I wouldn't kick about doing my trick

Down in the trenches—but this is too thick.

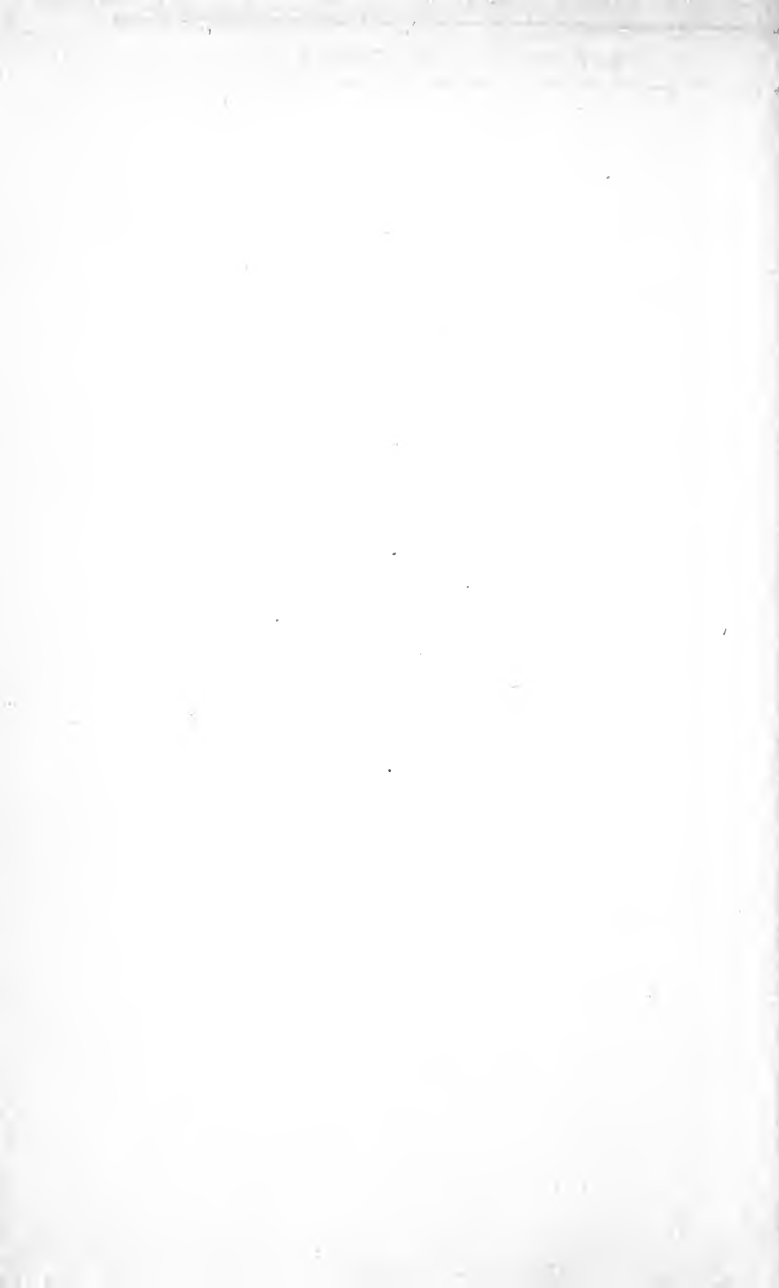
Ain't there no end to this horrible bore?

Skipper says: "Boys, if you'll work with a will,
We'll make you soldiers in seven years more."

("Right shoulder—humph! Left shoulder—humph!")

Gosh, but I'm tired of drill!

PLATTSBURGERS



THE COLT

COLT" is the name that surely fits
This weapon's every action,
For like a colt she runs to skits
Which drive you to distraction.
She seems a gentle, simple gun,
But when you come to aim her
She jumps and kicks and bucks like fun
And, gosh! it's hard to tame her.

The blue-steel Colt,
The new steel Colt,
She runs to stunts erratic,
For she's a durn
Tough arm to learn,
This Army Automatic.

You think you'll blow the mark to pot
At ten or fifteen paces
And find that not a single shot
Has left the slightest traces.
All seven bullets went astray
Amid the zephyrs breezy,
Thus showing in a vivid way
The Colt is not so easy.

THE COLT (continued)

The nifty Colt,
The shifty Colt,
She speaks in tones emphatic,
But often works
By whims and quirks,
This Army Automatic!

Yet when you get to know this arm
And how to coax and pet her,
She'll do her duty like a charm,
No gun will serve you better;
She'll stick right closely by your side,
And as the fight grows hotter
And you are caught in battle's tide
You'll thank your stars you've got her.

The lusty Colt,
The trusty Colt,
The weapon democratic,
Whose vicious might
Makes men one height,
The Army Automatic!

THE GRIND

OH! you grumble and yawn as you wake up at dawn
Or maybe an hour or two prior,
And you jump out ker-plunk from your nice cosy bunk
To a floor that is far from the fire;
Then there's mess and "Police" and your labours
increase

When the bugle is sounded for drilling,
Which is needful, all right, if you'd learn how to fight,
Though it isn't especially thrilling.

But you simply must go through it,
There's the job—you've got to do it,
Though there seems an awful gob of it to cram;
If you want to be an officer,
A good efficient officer,
A credit to your Uncle Sam!

Then there's bayonet drill, where you learn how to kill
In a manner uncouth but conclusive;
After which you must scoot to the range, where you
shoot

At a target that's highly elusive.
Then to classes you hie where you buck S. P. I.
And the I. D. R. adds to your worry;
Even noon call for mess scarcely lightens the stress,
For you've got to get through in a hurry.

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE GRIND (continued)

But the Training Schools demand it
And you'll simply have to stand it
And go trotting to the slaughter like a lamb
If you want to be an officer,
A first-class A 1 officer,
A credit to your Uncle Sam!

In the trenches you grub and the suicide club
Needs a lot of your strictest attention,
And there's duty to do with the wig-wagging crew
And the hikes, which are painful to mention;
And at night there is school, which you find, as a rule,
Is productive of labour and sorrow;
Then you loaf till it's taps—that's a half hour, per-
haps—
And there's nothing to do till to-morrow.

But although you growl and grumble,
You will do your duty humble
With the patience of an oyster or a clam
If you want to be an officer,
A real, up-standing officer,
A credit to your Uncle Sam!

Glossary: "Police"—cleaning up barracks and streets, etc.
S. P. I.—"Small Problems in Infantry." I. D. R.—"Infantry
Drill Regulations." Suicide Club—Machine Gun Men. Wig-
wagging Crew—Signalmen.

TURNABOUT

TO-DAY I am only a private
That every one orders about;
When a Sergeant says "Hup!"
I have got to play up,
And I jump at the corporal's shout.
But presently I shall arrive at
My turn to be Sergeant; oh, boy!
And the Sergeant to-day
Will be private, and, say,
I guess that won't fill me with joy!

I'll make him stand round at attention,
The way that he does it to me,
And I'll give him a call
If he blunders at all
Or he errs in the slightest degree.
I'll use all my native invention
To work him with vigour and vim,
And whatever he did
To keep me on a grid
I shall certainly do it to him!

For it's all in the game we are learning
And it isn't in rancour, we know;
Though this turnabout stuff
May appear a bit rough,

TURNABOUT (continued)

It's the way to make officers grow.
It means that the stripes we are earning
Will represent labour and sweat—
And the Sergeant just now
Will have beads on *his* brow
When I am a Sergeant, you bet!

EDUCATION

BELIEVE me, hereafter, whenever I meet
A chap who is digging a ditch in the street
I'll bring up my hand and salute!
For I have been learning, in sap and boyau,
How hard you must work and how much you must
know

To be a good shovel-recruit.
My hands are all blisters, my muscles are lame
From digging the sand and revetting the same
In a proper and soldierly style,
And all the night long as I lie in my bunk
I dream about dirt by the ton or the chunk
And sand by the linear mile.

I used to think trenches were simple and plain,
Requiring no actual use of the brain,
But I was mistaken, that's clear;
From what I've observed, if you build them correct,
You need to be carpenter, drain architect
And plumber and mine engineer.
So we're getting plenty of drill from the start
Till we learn every phase of the business by heart,
And we know all the hooks and the crooks,
For when we're commanding our men at the front
We've got to know all of this trench-digging stunt
Without any help from the books.

EDUCATION (continued)

I talk about parados, wattling, facine
And think that in time I will know what they mean;
 Though at present I'm hazy, I guess.
Perhaps when I've dug out a dug-out or two
I'll learn why I'm doing the things that I do
 And accumulate sense, more or less.
And meantime I'm drilling with shovel and pick
In sand that is heavy and mud that is thick,
 Constructing traverse and redoubt
And doing my Sunday-school darndest to cope
With all the instructions. I'll learn them, I hope,
 If the arnica doesn't run out!

Glossary: Revetting—strengthening trench sides with brush-work, etc. Parados—opposite to parapet; back of a trench. Wattling—basketwork to hold dirt. Facine—a bundle of sticks. Traverse—zigzag trenches. Redoubt—a heavily fortified bit of trench.

THE BREAKING POINT

THERE'S a feud between Kelly and Klaw,
They sputter like steaks on a grid,
For Klaw calls big Kelly a Chaw
And Kelly says Klaw is a Yid;
There's a row between Linton and Jones
And there's trouble with Hyland and Wright,
And our barrack resounds with the tones
Of quarrel, dissension and fight.

We used to be joyous and blithe
And pleasant and placid to boot,
But lately two-thirds of us writhe
In a nervous excitement acute;
We're fidgety, crochety, sore,
We wake at the dawn with a scowl,
And things that we grinned at before
Now cause us to curse and to growl.

The reason? It's simple enough:
We've worked and we've studied and grilled,
We've gone through a mill that is rough,
We've dug and we've hiked and we've drilled,
And now that we're pretty near through
And most of the labour is past,
We're fretting and wondering who
Will land the commissions at last.

THE BREAKING POINT (continued)

There's rumour and whisper at mess
And guesses in trench and latrine,
We spread wild reports as we dress,
We gossip at school and canteen,
We hear they'll examine on this
Or lay all their stress upon that.
What marvel our nerves go amiss
And every one talks through his hat?

But wait till it's over; then Klaw
And Kelly will patch up their row,
And Linton and Jones will haw! haw!
At the way that they carry on now;
The winners and those they defeat
Will act like good men who fought well,
For the finish is not hard to meet—
It's only the worry that's hell.

BOYS OF THE DRAFT

THE RECRUIT

I USED to wake up with a sticky tongue
And an eye that was dull and red,
And the songs that the early birdies sung
I heard on my way to bed;
But now I jump with the reveille
And my eyes are bright and clear
And I thank my lucky stars each day
That the government brought me here.

I used to be mean as a hermit crab
Till I'd swallowed my morning drink,
But now that I'm wearing the Olive Drab
I'm blithe as a bobolink,
For the fresh air thrills through my throat and chest
And I just want to shout and roar,
And life has a savour, a zip, a zest
That I never have known before.

I used to be flabby and soft and white
When I sat at a desk in town,
But since I've been learning the way to fight
I'm husky and hard and brown.
It took a cocktail to make me eat
The choicest of food, but now
You watch me march to a mess-shack seat
And wade through the army chow.

THE RECRUIT (continued)

So I smile a sort of a shame-faced smile
When I think how I plead exempt,
And I'm glad that the board saw through my guile
With a glance of cool contempt;
And though I may perish across the seas,
I'll be one of a splendid clan,
For the army's taken a piece of cheese
And made it into a Man!

THE OLD TOP SERGEANT

TWENTY years of the army, of drawing a sergeant's pay
And helping the West Point shavetails, fresh from
the training school,
To handle a bunch of soldiers and drill 'em the proper
way
(Which isn't always exactly according to book and
rule).
I've seen 'em rise to Captains and Majors and Colonels,
too,
And me still only a sergeant, the same as I used to
be,
And I knew that some of them didn't know as much
as a sergeant knew,
But I stuck to my daily duty—there wasn't a growl
from me.

Twenty years of the army,
Serving in peace and war,
Standing the drill of the army mill,
For that's what they paid me for.

Twenty years with the army, which wasn't so much
for size,
But man for man I'd back it to lick any troops on
earth.

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE OLD TOP SERGEANT (continued)

'Twas a proud, little, classy army, as good as the flag
it flies,

And it takes an old top sergeant to know what the
flag is worth.

Then—a shot at Sarejevo, and hell burst over there

And the Kaiser dragged us in it, and the bill for the
draft was passed

And—they handed me my commission, and some
shoulder straps to wear,

And the crazy dream of my rooky days had
changed to a fact at last.

Twenty years with the army,

And it's great to know they call

On the guys like me for what will be

The mightiest job of all.

Twenty years of the army, of doing what shavetails
bid,

And I know I haven't the polish that fellows like
that will show,

And I hold a high opinion of the brains of a West
Point kid,

But I think I can make him hustle when it comes
to the work I know.

But who cares where we come from, Plattsburg, ranks,
or the Guard,

This isn't a pink tea-party, but a War to be fought
and won;

There's a serious job before us, a job that is huge and
hard,

And the social register don't count until we've got
it done!

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE OLD TOP SERGEANT (continued)

Twenty years in the army,

And now I've got my chance.

Have I earned my straps? Well, you watch
the chaps

That I've trained for the game in France!

"K. P."

AH! Kitchen Police is the duty that creases
A lot of new lines in your brow;
It keeps a guy hustling when detailed for rustling
The daily allowance of chow.
The Murphies I'm peeling have set my mind reeling,
I've done seven billion and three,
When I get away from this job I'll be grey from
K. P.

But there's no escaping from scrubbing and scraping
The pans and the pots and the plates,
And bringing in fuel and ladling out gruel
And paring the onions by crates;
My nerves are all shaken from smelling the bacon,
The coffee, the beans, and the tea,
My hunger's departed; who was it that started
K. P.?

I thought I'd be fighting the Germans, and righting
The wrongs that the papers portrayed,
And here I am wearing an apron and bearing
The task of a scullery maid;
Why, drilling is easy compared to the greasy
Hard labour they've handed to me,
This cleaning of fishes and juggling of dishes,
K. P.!

"K. P." (continued)

Say, when by a drive at the Bosche we arrive at
The widely known town of Berlin,
And cheerfully—rather—we reach out and gather
The Kaiser and Hindenburg in,
I've got a suggestion to settle the question
Of what we shall do with 'em: Gee!
I'd thrill to be viewing the pair of them doing
K. P.!

JACKS OF ALL TRADES

UNCLE SAM reached out and took us, so of course
we went and came
To his school of preparation for the military game;
We laid down the tools of labour for our rifles and our
packs,
Wrapped our clothing into bundles and put khaki on
our backs.
Yes, we left the farm and office and the counter and
the mill,
And the time clock all behind us, but we hadn't left
our skill;
And while fighting in the trenches is the work we have
in view,
Any other job you mention is the kind that we can do.

For the farmers and the plumbers
And the agents and the drummers
And the miners from the tunnel and the shaft,
And the puddlers and the tailors
And the lumbermen and sailors
Have their quota in the Army of the Draft.

We are learning to be soldiers who can hand the gaff
to Fritz,
With a stew pan for a kelly and our rifles in our mitts,
But if there's a strike of workers on the recreation hall

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

JACKS OF ALL TRADES (continued)

We've a bunch of boys among us who can build it,
stage and all.

They can paint the scenes and shift 'em, they can write
and act a play

With a list of star performers that would daze the
Great White Way,

For the pick of each profession and the class of every
trade

Are assembled here together in the army we have
made.

Yes, the digger of the sewer

And the butcher and the brewer

And the politician, leaving all his graft,

And the writer and the actor

And the garment sub-contractor

Have their quota in the Army of the Draft!

We have many expert cracksmen who are pretty sure
to shine

In the job of prying spaces through the mighty Ger-
man line;

We have engineers and sandhogs who will presently
begin

On the digging of a subway that will take us to
Berlin.

We're an army of civilians who are being trained for
war,

But the work of smashing Germans isn't all we're
fitted for;

JACKS OF ALL TRADES (continued)

We're a varied bunch of toilers from a big and busy
land

That our Uncle Sam has summoned for a job he has
on hand.

For he gets the high and lowly
And the wicked and the holy
And the men of every trade and every craft,
And we'll work and win together
As we battle hell-for-leather
In the democratic Army of the Draft!

THE COMB BAND

O H! we love the gay Victrola in the watches of the
night

And we sit about and listen to its records with delight,
And we like to hear the music of the regimental band
While the leader juggles gaily with the baton in his
hand,

But the melody that's sweetest as we linger in the
gloom

Is the harmony extracted from a fine tooth comb.

Yes, we get some tissue paper and some combs from
out our kit

And we gather in the squad-tent where the lantern
shadows flit,

And we play a bunch of ragtime with a lot of vim and
go,

In a sort of jazz-band rhythm—all the latest stuff we
know;

Tunes that set your shoulders swaying, while your
thoughts are light as foam,

To the sound of syncopation on a fine tooth comb.

It's a crazy sort of music which would drive a critic
mad,

But it makes the evenings shorter and it really ain't
so bad;

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE COMB BAND (continued)

And it often kind of gets you when the boys start in
to play,

For I've seen some homesick fellows wipe a tear or
two away

To the strains of "Suwanee River" and "My Old Ken-
tucky Home"

As they float in wistful minors from a fine tooth comb.

When this cruel war is over—and I hope I'll last it
through—

And we beat the German army—as we all intend to do;
When the slaughtering is finished and the final fight
we win

And with flags and pennons flying we go marching
through Berlin,

I would like to tramp in triumph past the Kaiser's
palace dome

Playing "Stars and Stripes Forever!" on a fine tooth
comb!

THE SLICKER

OH! the slicker makes a dicker for a u-ne-form
That's the very latest style and cut;
He is military, very, where the ladies swarm
And you ought to see the beggar strut.
Just to suit him we salute him as he breezes by
In the khaki of a fighting man,
But he never will endeavour to go forth to die,
And he'll stay as far from trouble as he can.

Every fellow isn't yellow in the ordnance corps;
There are plenty who are first-rate men.
It's the codger who's a dodger that we all abhor,
That has ducked the draft to wield a pen;
One who blanches at the trenches, though his frame is
dressed
In the garments that the soldiers wear;
It's the cutie seeking duty in a nice warm nest
Very far away from "Over There."

He's a showboy, not a doughboy, in his nice clean
clothes,
And he'll never get 'em muddied up in scraps,
For the rattle of a battle is a thought he loathes
As he polishes his shoulder straps.

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE SLICKER (continued)

So we greet him when we meet him with a smart
salute

As he swaggers past, all neat and trim,
But I'm thinking he'd be shrinking in his khaki suit
If he knew the view we take of him!

AMBITION

(Aviation Corps)

I HAVE studied hard in the engine class
And with math I have racked my brain,
With a penguin old I have cut the grass
And I've ridden a practice plane;
I've taken a routine flight or two
And they say that I'm not so bad,
But the glorious goal that I have in view
Is to pilot a combat Spad!

Oh! to surge and soar as the engines roar
And to dart like a hawk awheel,
And to climb and swoop as I loop the loop
Or flash in a giddy vrille,
With my eyes alight and my pulses glad—
Oh, Gee, but I long for a combat Spad!

I must plug along in a slow old hack
Till I'm fit for the test, I know,
Till I've learned the way to the clouds and back
And drilled for the war's big show;
But I watch the chap from the Esquadrille
And my heart it thumps like mad
As I think of the joy a man must feel
To fly in a combat Spad!

AMBITION (continued)

Oh! the way she leaps to the stars and sweeps
Through the chill of the upper air,
I would give my soul to win control
Of a plane like that up there,
To shoot through space like the daring lad
Who's doing stunts with a combat Spad.

Well, the time will come when my barograph
Will register dizzy height,
When I'll down my Hun from the clouds and laugh
As I drive with the speed of light,
With my Lewis drumming a song of death
While the Gothas plunge aflame,
As I taste adventure with every breath
And play in the war's great game!

So I wait my chance when the air of France
Shall welcome me as I rise
To dare my fate with the Huns of Hate
Who battle amid the skies.
I shall try my luck with a heart that's glad
And win or lose in a combat Spad!

IN THE THICK OF IT

THE DOUGHBOY

HE kicks about his sergeant
And he kicks about his chow,
He grumbles at the drilling
And he makes an awful row
When the bugle blows assembly
And he's ordered on a hike,
For the howls he makes are legion
At the things he doesn't like.

He kicks about the shavetail
And his foolish little strut;
He says the Captain's crazy
And the Colonel is a mutt.
He grumbles at the General
(He doesn't know what for)
And he says the war department
Is mismanaging the war.

He kicks about his uniform,
His mess-kit and his pack;
He moans about the danger
Of his never coming back.
Yes, when he's safe in barracks
He's a kicker all the while;
He says the army's crummy
And a soldier's life is vile.

THE DOUGHBOY (continued)

But when he gets in action
With the other fighting men
You'll find this kicker changing
Into something else again.
He will kick himself through hell fire
Where the battle tumult rings,
Till he's kicked the German Kaiser
On the garbage heap of Kings.

WAR SONGS

OH! the songs that thrill the trenches are the songs
that start the feet
Into keeping time and measure with their syncopated
beat,
Not the grand and stately music that the sober-minded
praise,
But the foolish little ditties of the shows and cabarets.

In the crackle of the rifles and the rumble of the guns
There's an underlying rhythm which interminably runs
To a mighty sort of ragtime, as the bullets whine and
spat
And machine guns split the ear drums with a vicious
rat-a-tat.

So the syncopated music of the Tin Pan Alley brand
Is the stuff that cheers our fighters in a far and for-
eign land;
It's the gay and careless cadence that seems always to
be made
As a battle hymn in ragtime for the wholly unafraid!

ARTILLERY

GUNS! Guns! Guns!
In the battle of to-day they're the ones;
They're the bruisers in the fray,
They're the boys that clear the way,
Throwin' projectiles by tons—
Heavy guns!

Yes, somewhere way back of the lines,
In a nice leafy bower or dell,
Is where the artillery shines
In givin' the enemy hell;
The guns waddle up through the mire
Like a fat lady walks on her pins,
But when the command comes to fire,
Well, that's when the straffin' begins.

The muzzles heaves up to the sky,
The lanyards is pulled, there's a roar;
The shells whistles, curvin' up high,
And then there is more—an' still more.
The gunners they sweats an' they smiles
As carriages shiver an' wrench,
An' way off—some several miles—
Them shells has abolished a trench.

ARTILLERY (continued)

Your infantry may be O. K.,
But when you prepare for a charge
If big guns ain't clearin' the way
You're gonta be smashed, by an' large.
It's guns that rips bomb proofs to bits
An' barb wire entanglements, too;
It's guns gives the enemy fits
So infantrymen kin break through!

Yes, you've gotta have the guns,
Heavy guns,
Throwin' shells by tons an' tons,
Shells that smashes an' that stuns;
They're the bruisers of the fray,
They're the boys that clears the way,
In the warfare of to-day they're the ones—
Bully guns!

THE ROOTER

JIM FISHER was a shiftless duck
Who had but little to his credit,
He blamed his poor estate on luck
But people snickered when he said it.

They knew he dodged the thought of work
And looked for it but feared to find it;
They said his middle name was Shirk,
And Jim, he loafed, and didn't mind it.

It would be hard to name a task
That Jim was ever sawing wood at,
But, just in case some one should ask,
There was *one* stunt that he was good at.

He was a rooter superfine,
A fan beyond all sense or reason;
He ballyhooed behind the nine
At every contest through the season.

He yelled and hooted long and loud,
He cheered and sang through thin and thick; it
Was so amusing to the crowd
That he got in without a ticket.

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE ROOTER (continued)

An umpire's goat he loved to bait.

He liked to thrill the rooters' caucus
With howls that seemed to ululate
And cries of "Robber" hoarse and raucous.

And many times when there was doubt
About the home town's chance of winning,
Jim's bellow helped to pull them out
To triumph in the final inning.

So when upon the army draft
It pleased just Destiny to list him,
Though many people grinned and laughed,
You bet the baseball rooters missed him!

But though he was a lazy gink
Who, up to then, through life had stumbled,
He took his dose without a blink—
He was a sport, and never grumbled.

At last they sent him on his way
To face grim battle in the trenches;
He marched with temper light and gay
And winked at all the Gallic wenches.

One day the Bosche artillery
Began an extra heavy shelling;
All Hades suddenly broke free
Within the trench where Jim was dwelling.

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE ROOTER (continued)

It seemed that awful bath of fire
Would never, never discontinue;
It killed and buried men in mire
And racked the others, brain and sinew.

And then there came a charge of Huns,
They looked tremendous and titanic;
Jim's comrades, dropping all their guns,
Started to run in sudden panic.

Then, high above the battle roar
Sounded a most appalling hooting;
It was Jim Fisher, as of yore,
Bellowing, shouting, screaming, rooting!

"Come awn!" he yelled. "Come awn, play ball!
Them guys ain't got a thing to show us.
Come awn—one smash, one smash, that's all,
One smash an' they won't want to know us.

"Come awn, wake up, get in the game,
We'll send these Potsdam bushers spinning!
Come awn, boys, come—" They heard—and came,
And won out in the final inning!

THANKSGIVING

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

I'M sittin' here in a muddy trench
Somewhere on the Flanders line,
While the rain comes down in a steady drench
An' the shells from the Bosches whine;
An' the folks are havin' a feast at home
While I'm in the muck of war,
An' I sit an' rattle my tired dome
To think what I'm thankful for.

Then all of a sudden it comes to me
An' I lift up my head an' smile,
An' my heart it jumps in a bust of glee
An' I laughs to myself awhile;
For though I'm here in a smelly spot
In the middle of death an' war,
Good Lord-amighty, I know I've got
A heap to be thankful for!

An' here is the cause I've got for thanks:
I'm livin' as fits a Man,
I'm doin' my bit in freedom's ranks
An' fightin' the best I can.

THANKSGIVING (continued)

Before I joined in this mighty show
I plugged at a routine job,
An' life was easy an' safe—an' slow,
With never a thrill or throb.

But now, though I'm in the midst of death
An' half of the time is hell,
I taste adventure with every breath
In the roar of the shot an' shell.
An' the rats may scamper an' cooties bite,
A habit that I abhor,
But I'm in the thick of a Man's-sized fight
An' it's one I'm thankful for!

Say, when I think of the way I'd feel
If I was a slacker guy,
Afraid to cut an' afraid to deal
In a game where the stakes is high,
I says to myself: "Say, you, buck up,
You got no cause to kick;
Give thanks that you ain't no slacker pup
With a heart that's weak an' sick!"

I ain't a hero—you get me, Jack?
But nevertheless I ain't
No quakin' boob with a jelly back
An' a stomach that's always faint.
No doubt them fellers is glad to miss
The sound of the bugle call,
But if I die in a war like this,
They never have lived at all!

THANKSGIVING (continued)

So I'm glad an' thankful that I have been
A part of this roarin' game;
That I have suffered an' fought with Men
An' took each chance that came.
You may die soon, but you live a lot
In this ugly old sport of war,
So takin' it all in all I've got
A heap to be thankful for!

THE CHRISTMAS SERMON

WE was sittin' tight in a dug-out
An' playin' a game of rum,
For ours was a quiet sector then
An' Fritz's guns was dumb,
When a footstep crunched in the ice outside
An' in the Chaplain come.

Now our Chaplain hailed from Princeton,
He was husky an' full of vim;
He'd been a guard in his college days
An' he'd always kept in trim,
An' there wasn't a soldier in the trench
That had more nerve than him.

Well, he come in that dirty dug-out
In a kind of a smilin' way,
An' he says to us: "Boys, I'm thinkin'
Of havin' some words to say—
A kind of a sort of a sermon
That's fitted to Christmas day."

"Sure, shoot it," says Spike McGuggan.
"In all of this muck an' grime
I'd like to hear some woids of cheer
To make me forget this slime,
Fer you gotta admit that a day like this
Is a heluva Christmas time!"

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE CHRISTMAS SERMON (continued)

So we throws down the cards we're playin'
An' eight of us boys, or ten,
Is gathered around the parson
While he clears his throat, an' then
He starts off a bully sermon
On "Peace an' Good Will to Men."

But he just gets nicely goin'
An' you bet we didn't scoff
When the sentries yells: "Hi, fellers,
Our old friend Fritz is off;
He's throwin' a bunch of hand grenades
An' startin' a Christmas strafe!"

We grabs our masks an' rifles
(An' the Chaplain grabs one, too)
An' we all piles out in the ice cold trench
In a fearful hullyballoo,
For the Huns has started over the top
An' there's work for us to do.

The parson sights his rifle
An' every time she pops
Out there in the middle of No Man's Land
Some field grey figger drops,
An' the parson grins a happy grin
Whenever a German flops.

Says I: "If peace was the thing you preached,
Then what are you fightin' for?"
The parson answers: "We'll give 'em peace

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE CHRISTMAS SERMON (continued)

By makin' 'em sick of war,
For the fellow who will not fight for peace
Is a person that I abhor."

'Twas a lively show, but we smashed the Huns
An' we drove them back again.
An' the Chaplain takes one final shot
An' puts down his gun, an' then
He finishes up his Christmas talk
On "Peace an' Good Will to Men!"

THE SEARCH

HE'D come to the city and bucked the big game
And, playing the best that he could,
He won some small portion of money and fame;
In brief, he had surely "made good,"
He knew everybody worth knowing at all,
His life was both varied and gay,
But there was an ennui that held him in thrall
And nothing could brush it away.

The brightest of parties, the keenest of wits,
The plaudits that come from the crowd,
All life's panorama that changes and flits
Failed wholly at lifting his cloud;
He wasn't a roué, all wearied and spent,
He worked with a vim and a will,
Yet somehow he lived in a vague discontent,
Existence was lacking a thrill.

There was something he wanted, he didn't know what,
Not riches, or power or love;
He sought it in roving from spot unto spot,
But still found no lightening of
The weight of depression that laid on his heart
A dull and a numb sort of pain,
Which made him a mortal aloof and apart
With a trouble he couldn't explain.

THE SEARCH (continued)

Then one day he vanished completely, poor chap,
And no one could say where he'd gone,
Though all of us wondered what part of the map
He might have alighted upon.
We chatted about him, this man who in truth
Was never excited or stirred,
Who, somehow or other, had never known youth
Or thrilled at a deed or a word.

And then came his letter, a message elate
With happiness, vigor and verve.
He wrote to us: "Fellows, there's nothing so great
As finding a way you can serve;
By losing myself I've discovered romance
In the heart of my labour and strife,
For I'm driving a camion somewhere in France
And I'm having the time of my life!"

ON THE U-BOAT TRAIL

HEROES

THE heroes of the story books are ever in a pose,
They always die with words of high and lofty
verse or prose,
But when the old *Tuscania* went down with flying flag
Our khaki gang of heroes sang a gay and foolish rag!

“Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go
from here?”

Across the sea the melody came dancing free and clear;
They faced their fate with souls elate and hearts that
knew no fear,

With “Where do we go from here, boys, where do we
go from here?”

“Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go
from here?”

A song, in truth, of valiant youth, that never loses
cheer;

They felt the breath of clammy death, but with a lilt
sincere

Their laughing shout rang blithely out, “Where do we
go from here?”

It is a tale whose wondrous thrill we all of us can
share

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

HEROES (continued)

When brave men meet their destiny with spirit
debonair.

What foe can hope with boys to cope who sing, when
death is near,

"Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go
from here?"

THE DESTROYER MEN

THERE'S a roll and pitch and a heave and hitch
To the nautical gait they take,
For they're used to the cant of the decks aslant
As the white-toothed combers break
On the plates that thrum like a beaten drum
To the thrill of the turbines' might,
As the knife bow leaps through the yeasty deeps
With the speed of a shell in flight!

Oh! their scorn is quick for the crews who stick
To a battleship's steady floor,
For they love the lurch of their own frail perch
At thirty-five knots or more.
They don't get much of the drills and such
That the battleship jackies do,
But sail the seas in their dungarees,
A grimy destroyer's crew.

They needn't climb at their sleeping time
To a hammock that sways and bumps,
They leap—kerplunk!—in a cosy bunk
That quivers and bucks and jumps.
They hear the sound of the seas that pound
On the half-inch plates of steel
And close their eyes to the lullabies
Of the creaking frame and keel.

THE DESTROYER MEN (continued)

They scour the deep for the subs that creep
On their dirty assassin's work,
And their keenest fun is to hunt the Hun
Wherever his U-boats lurk.
They live in hope that a periscope
Will show in the deep sea swell,
Then a true shot hits and it's "Good-bye, Fritz"—
His future address is Hell!

They're a lusty crowd and they're vastly proud
Of the slim, swift craft they drive;
Of the roaring flues and the humming screws
Which make her a thing alive.
They love the lunge of her surging plunge
And the murk of her smoke screen, too,
As they sail the seas in their dungarees,
A grimy destroyer's crew!

NOT IN UNIFORM

THEY haven't no khaki nor battleship blue,
They're kind of a nondescript sort of a crew,
Hard-handed and husky, but not like you meet
On the holystoned decks of the battleship fleet;
Nope, these here is only the everyday guys
That handles the vessels what feeds the Allies,
But—stop an' consider a bit what they mean—
These lads of the merchant marine!

They sails with a cargo of beef or of steel,
Or T. N. T. maybe, or bacon an' meal,
An' so they goes wallowin', loaded for fair,
To feed an' munition the folks "over there."
An' if they gets by—well, they sighs with relief
An' comes back to take on more biscuits an' beef.
An' if they gets sunk—well, it's plain to be seen
That it's rough on the merchant marine.

They don't get much glory for takin' a chance
On dyin' while steamin' to England or France,
For if they gets rescued from drownin' one trip
They just comes up smilin' an' finds a new ship.
An' if they goes down in a watery grave
There isn't no half-masted flags that'll wave;
An' yet they're real heroes who're doin' their bit,
Not askin' no special approval for it;
An' that's just the reason we otta be keen
For the boys of the merchant marine!

THE MINE SWEEPERS

OH! these are doughty fishermen who tempt the
 roaring gale,
But not for heaps of halibut or blubber of the whale;
They sally forth from anchorage, a bold and nervy
 crew,
With drums of gleaming cable for the job they have
 to do;
They take their open chances of the many deaths that
 lurk,
They get no hero medals for the way they do their
 work,
But cannily and craftily with heavy-weighted lines
They sail the bounding billows as they drag the sea
 for mines!

Their task is daily labour and the lure of it is small,
They only comb the mine-fields as the greybacks rise
 and fall,
And if their cables snare a mine their riflemen take aim
And blow it all to pieces in a blaze of smoke and flame.
And having done that little job, that ordinary chore,
They throw the cables out again and drag the seas for
 more,
For it's all a part of business, of the routine of the day,
And you've got to do your duty if you want to earn
 your pay!

IN CAMP AND TRENCH

THE MINE SWEEPERS (continued)

They sometimes have a convoy, and they frequently
have not,

As they do their cautious fishing in a mine-infested
spot;

And they oftentimes are busy in the harbor of the foe
While the shells are gaily skipping all about them, to
and fro;

They haven't any uniforms or epaulets and such,
Their pay is nothing princely and their glory isn't
much;

They're plain and sturdy fishermen, with salt upon
their breath,

Who clear the way for battleships and fish the seas
for death!

DESERTED ROADS

TIME was we sang of wanderers who trod the open
trail

And roved about the merry world by foot or train or
sail,

Who knew the wind-swept spaces and who braved the
sun and rain

Or followed gipsy caravans by mountain peak or plain.

But now the roads are empty of the blithe and restless
clan

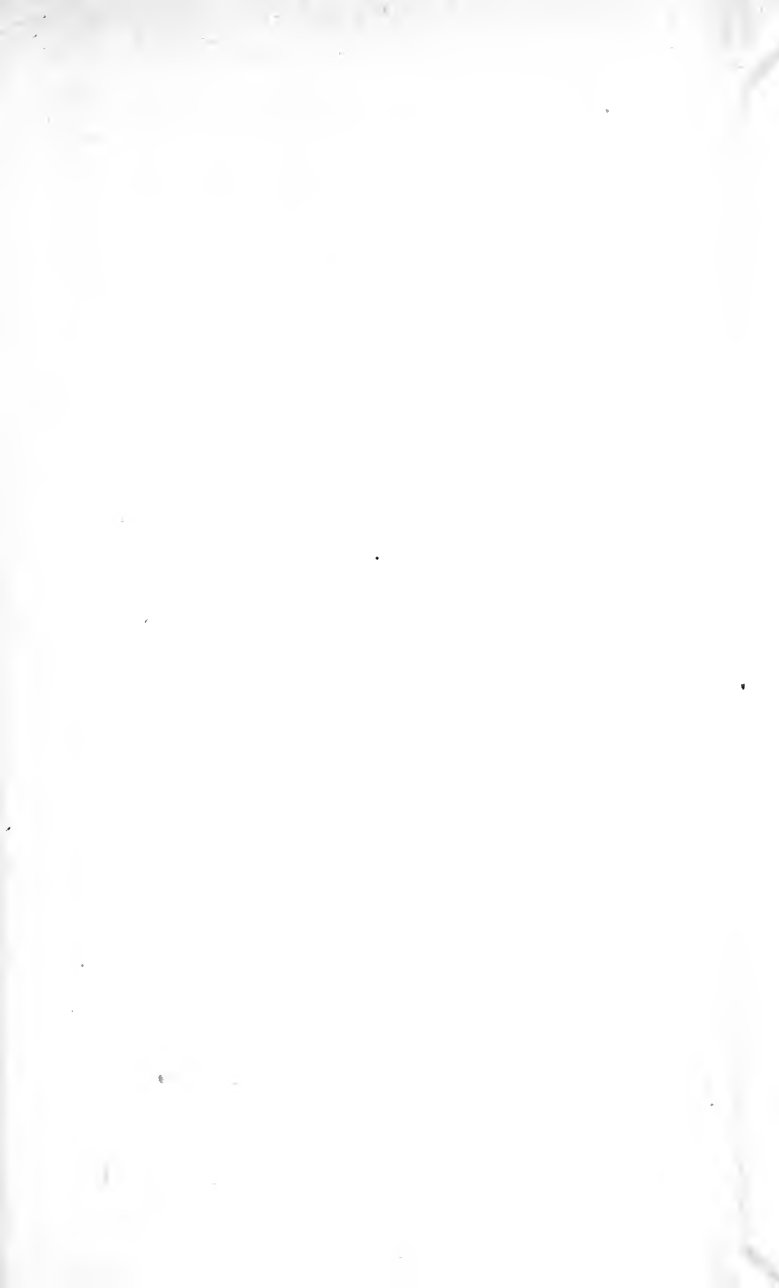
And bats and owls are roosting in the idle gipsy-van,
For every true adventurer who never could be still
Has joined the greatest game of all and found a keener
thrill.

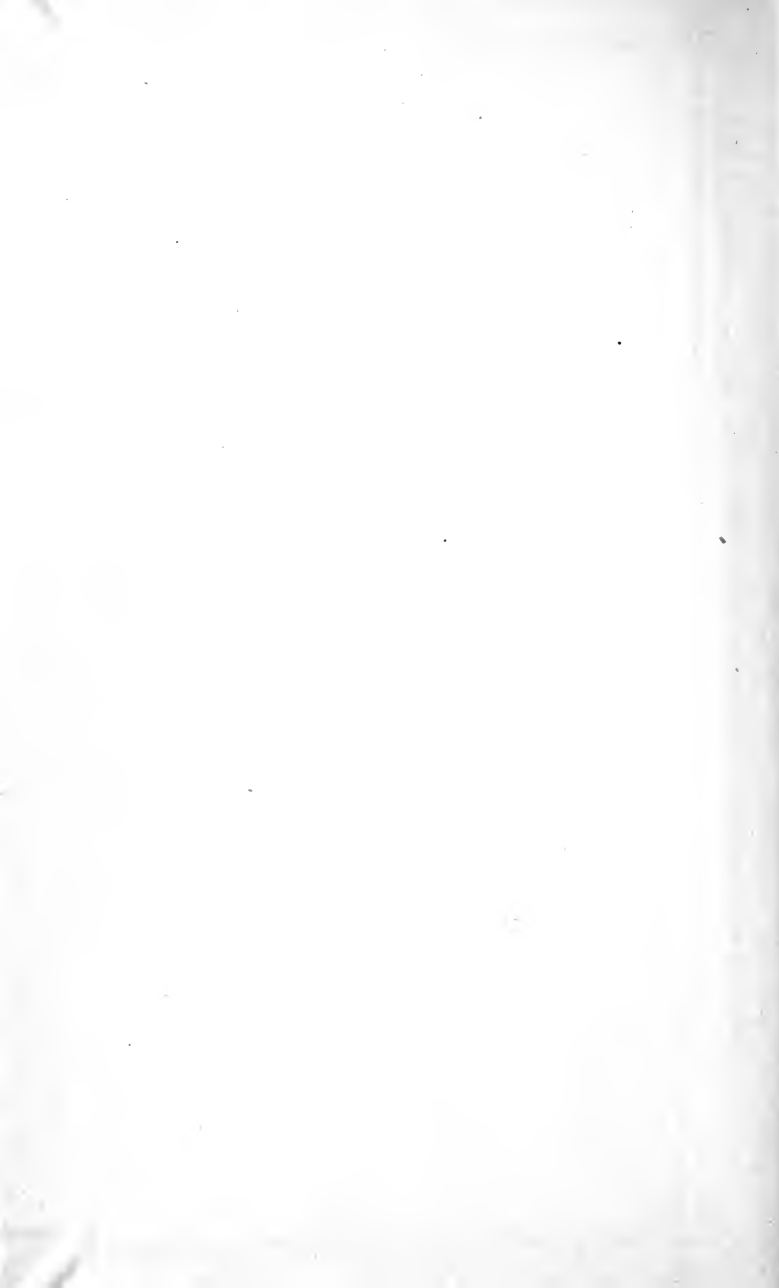
They're somewhere in the trenches and they're some-
where in the air,

Oh look along the battle line and you will find them
there;

But when the war is over and we welcome back our
men,

The rovers—what are left of them—will hit the trail
again!





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